

Good Morning 764

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A Panel of News and Views for P.O. King

SORRY we couldn't show you your wife and the children surrounded by daffodils, P.O. Harold King, but it was rather late in the year for these flowers when we called at 38 Rose Walk, Newhaven.

We heard the sad tale of your gardening effort, but you will at least have gained valuable experience from the result.

Perhaps by now your singing ambitions have been realised. Your wife hopes you now know your "Forty Ginger-Headed Sailors!" You may find that your eldest son Victor will be able to accompany you on the piano. Carol volunteered some information about his practising that Victor resented, but maybe it was because she is jealous.

She and the naughty-eyed David seem to have some musical ambition of their own. When you get that home for which your wife is still searching, you will be quite sure of music, anyway.

All the children are looking forward to a visit to Brighton with you in the near future, and also to a trip to Town to see the Zoo. Victor, especially, is hoping he will soon be able to take a walk on the beach. Could it be he wants to talk about the possibility of a two-wheeled bicycle?

If cycles attract her brother, eggs and spoons were the bane of young Carol's life at the time we called.

It appears she almost won the race that involves the carrying of those peculiar items at a VE party. In fact, it was only a slight misunderstanding of the rules—which Carol declares were not properly explained, anyway—that caused her not to.

Nevertheless, she got a lot of fun out of being dressed up as a pierrot, and Victor was in his element as a sweep, complete with Uncle Jim's brush.

They have had a celebration all their own at Number 38 since the general party at Newhaven. It was for Harry, who returned from abroad recently. He is well, and very glad to be back, and sends, with all your wife's family, kind regards and the universal wish for a speedy re-union.

A special "Christmas" pudding was made for Harry's return, but it only just escaped serious mishap.

That mischievous youngest son of yours turned out the gas; but, luckily, it was noticed in time, and the eighteen happy guests at dinner consequently dined well.

From the instances of his vitality, and from his picture, you will easily see that David is now in the best of health, and need give neither your wife nor you cause for worry.

As an afterthought to the news of the children, Mrs. King would like you to know that she is still looking in the cupboard or in the tin for things that are mislaid, and she wants you to be sure to let her know if you should get a letter from



her that doesn't mention that proverbial "root of all evil"!

Until there is no more necessity for letters between you, your wife and the children send you lots of love and good wishes for your trip, while Mrs. Lester ends your home news on a frivolous note by telling you that she is looking forward to making the acquaintance of the black boy you are bringing home for her!

"Welsh Boy Called Tommy Farr, Boxer"

NOT much over thirty years ago there was born in Clydach Vale, Wales, a little fellow with fair hair, a robust constitution, and plenty of grit. He was christened Thomas Paul Farr.

The world didn't seem to have much to offer him, except grit. He had it in his fair hair, the grit of the coal-mines.

At nine years of age, when still at school, he was motherless, and went hawking reels of cotton to swell the slender family funds. At twelve, when he weighed 6½ stone, he was learning (crudely) how to fight.

A few years later he was put to work in a hotel, cleaning boots. At fourteen he was a pit-boy by day and five-bob-a-fight fly-weight in the evenings. He had also a whack at being a waiter. He didn't like waiting, so he quit.

WHEN both his parents were men who had watched him grow dead he had started a in the boxing game. They were gruelling period of eight years in surprised to see this fair-haired which he fought at all weights up youth register 14 stone in his to the heavies; and for eighteen shorts.

He was coming up the ladder. He was then due to meet Tommy Loughran at the Albert Hall, booth? There were several small London, and to meet Loughran he mouths to feed. He fed them. His had to show smart boxing. He story should be filmed—maybe was slated to fight American Loughran from Philadelphia on the 1st of the month.

He reached the spot-light between September 15th, 1936, and August, 1937. On February 6th,

BOXING CAVALCADE.

Ex-hotel "boots," ex-miner, the boxing career of Tommy Farr is crammed with romance as told by "Good Morning" Sports Writer, LARRY MARKS.

1937, he got a fee of £60 for a fight at Bristol. In August of the same year he got around £12,000 for his share when he met Joe Louis, the chocolate world champion.

Before that he was referred to as "the Welsh boy called Tommy Farr, boxer." When he faced Louis he was just "Tommy Farr" to all the world. Fame!

For about ten years the pinching and scraping to make ends meet had gone on—and then the fight-fee was multiplied by 200! A sudden good-bye to hard times and a swift embrace of hard cash and good times! That is the story of Tommy Farr. He can't be said to have wooed Fortune. He smashed his way to it.

I have no space to tell of his minor battles in the ring; but I can take you back to January, 1936, when he could be seen in the private gymnasium at Slough. He stood on the scales before several

There was no excitement in the movements of Tommy Loughran when he entered the ring and sat down composedly waiting for Tommy Farr to appear. Maybe Loughran thought the fight was "in the bag." He was not long in his corner when up stepped Tommy Farr, ex-boots, ex-miner, from Tonypany.

Well, there wasn't any nervousness about Tommy Farr either. He sat shuffling his feet in the resin, and waited.

The referee called both men into the centre of the ring, and there gave them their instructions, and then told them to fight it out.

The moment the bell went, Farr got working. He went in to attack, hitting at the body; and Loughran was kept backing, backing, whenever Farr's punches landed. Once or twice he stabbed at Farr's head with a one-two left lead. Farr didn't worry much about that.

His eyes were after one spot only—on his opponent's body. He kept selecting the place to hit; and Loughran kept landing with his left, not damaging punches, but scoring points, nevertheless. And on each other's shoulders, their hands working in and out like oiled pistons: bang on the body, blow after blow that would have dropped straight left to Loughran's face, one right swing to the ribs. And that staggered the man from Philadelphia.

It taught Loughran something; and when the second



Everybody knows that Britain and the Allies are greatly in debt to the endurance and bravery of the Submarine crews of our Fleet. Their fight against the now defeated enemy has been carried on under many difficulties, and as one fighter to these submarine battlers I extend my congratulations for their pluck and triumph. They have shown that they have the victory punch.

Here is his personal greeting to you all.

Tommy Farr

round opened there he was doing some of the old clever tricks of the master.

He kept going for Farr's fair head, jabbing it back, biff, biff, biff. There was no countering these jabs; but all the same, Farr went after his man, kept him backing and the ropes, sent in a barrage of hooks and straights; and chased him from corner to corner.

By the third round Loughran seemed to think it was time he was doing something. He let his right go, landing it into Farr's face after he had got that into position, and then he went after getting points and wiping out Farr's lead. Since he couldn't escape the attack of Farr, he met it. They closed up, heads practically resting on each other's shoulders, their hands working in and out like oiled pistons: bang on the body, blow after blow that would have dropped straight left to Loughran's face, one right swing to the ribs. And that staggered the man from Philadelphia.

It was a strange thing, but as the fight continued the American seemed to shed his years. He came back with all the vim and

mastery of his former days. He shook his opponent time and again with uppercuts that travelled only a few inches, but were perfectly timed.

Yes, it was a good exhibition; but Tommy Farr was out to give an exhibition, too. The fight meant almost everything to him. When the fifth round finished, Farr came back to his corner with a very red face—but he was grinning to his seconds.

When the sixth round opened, Loughran slipped on his step. He tried a left hook, missed, was off his balance, so Farr waded in.

From that moment it was apparent that Farr was dictating the pace. He took what Loughran handed out, took it, and still came on, pursuing all the time, never letting up in the onslaught.

This was the Tommy Farr spirit showing as it has showed in all his fights. The following rounds were but a repetition of this one. It was in the ninth round that the most thrilling moments of the battle were staged.

Farr was still after his man, and the American was whipping right and left hooks to the Welshman's jaw, hoping to stop him.

But there was no halting Tommy Farr. He surged in, aiming at the body, always the body, save for now and then straight lefts to the head.

(Continued on Page 3).

All You Need Know About Shaving

DON'T worry about Thomas Fuller. It is 200 years since he wrote, "He is false by nature that has a black head and a red beard."

There was a full-length study of beards recently announced in America.

Did you know that the ancient Egyptians wore artificial beards.

Those ornamental beavers in their monuments were specially donned for ceremonial occasions.

The Persian kings dyed and braided their beards with golden thread.

The Romans shaved. Caesar wrote home to his wife that the ancient Britons wore their hair long on the upper lip.

The fashions of face decoration change with the centuries. To swear by the beard is as old as time, and "By the beard of the Prophet" is not lightly said in Mohammedan countries.

The Crusaders were, clean-shaven when they went to the Holy Land, but they picked up some beards on the way and returned home wearing mous-

taches that were considered effeminate.

Good Queen Bess taxed beards, despite the boom in her reign.

Puritan pamphleteers denounced them as vanities and decried the time spent in curling and starching them.

Beards were outlawed during the dictatorship of clean-shaven Cromwell, but grew again with the Restoration.

After that came the wig age, and as wigs piled up on the head beards went out.

History, in fact, speaks in hairs. Emancipation from the razor came with the Crimean War. Back came the Van Dyck, popularised from the King's beard in Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I.

In France Napoleon III achieved the ultimate with the "Imperial" full moustache and beard.

THE SMOOTH CHINK.

Why can't the Chinese grow beards? An ethnological mystery attaches to their relatively unproductiveness, and scholars

and sages have but to produce a little fuzz or a few mandarin wisps to gain tremendous prestige.

Yet, not so many miles away the Sikhs grow such full flowing beards that they sometimes gather them into hairnets. They have good heads of hair, too.

Researchists confess that the beard is a mystery, but say that the body produces only a given quantity of hair nutriment.

When a man shaves daily, this nutriment goes chiefly to regrow the cut hair, and the hair on the head goes short of nourishment and is weakened.

The beard is said to have emotional origins. That may be why musicians often grow such good crops. The family album gives lots of beaver laughs, but there are very few baldies.

Yet men have shaved for a long time. The earliest razors we know are flakes of obsidian (natural glass) found in the Isle of Milos and dating from 3,500 B.C.

The bronze age had its crude razors and, 3,000 years ago, they

scraped with crude iron razors. George Killingworth, English Ambassador to the Russian Court, took non-shaving to such extremes that he grew a five-foot beard.

Ivan the Terrible, it is said, used to stroke this superb specimen. What Killingworth thought of this regal homage is unrecorded.

Beards have been revered in many countries. Patriarchal beards are a symbol of maturity and confidence.

To remove one's own beard was regarded at one time as an insult; to touch another man's beard was an insult; to cut it off an outrage.

Military regulations about beards actually date from the days of Alexander the Great. His soldiers grew hefty whiskers, until the enemy learned how to seize them as handles and lop their heads off. Then the emperor decreed that his army should go barefaced into battle.

So now you have the naked truth about it.

P. DAVIS.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is: c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Sinking a Lighthouse Base is a Tough Job

THE skipper pulled at his beard for a bit as he looked out over the placid waters of the bay. "I suppose you'd better know Bella had been with him more at once, Second. You and the First and the Third and the easier jobs, and generally fat bank-book. Maybe that's true, but the money wasn't made that she wouldn't get linked up by me. It was made by a brother with a shore Johnny of whom he of Bella's mother who went into might not be able to approve; for, the ham trade."

"When he passed in his checks his will was read out, and it said that his money was to go to Bella when she got to her twenty-fourth birthday. By that time, it said, she must make her choice of a husband, who was to be hard-working, honest, and capable of supporting her."

"That was me," I said, putting the last button of my reefer in its place. "As for the last item, her money—" "And I was to be convinced that she had made a good choice," went on the skipper. "I was to be guardian of her money until she chose her husband, and if she hadn't met a proper man by the time she was twenty-four she was to be given the money, and I was to lose what was coming to me as her guardian. That is the point that sticks me."

"Considering that I was reckoning on retiring from this seafaring life, I've put it to her more'n once that she might consider my future. I've put your name before her and kept back the bits about you I didn't think she ought to know."

"I've mentioned the First and the Third also. From the beginning I didn't like the idea of the bo'sun being my son-in-law."

And she's put off and put off until it's high time something happened. She'll be twenty-four this day week."

Of course, I saw at once the reason the skipper had allowed me to hope. Ever since she left college Bella had been with him more or less on the tug, going with us on the easier jobs, and generally having a kind of holiday.

He had brought her with him so true, but the money wasn't made that she wouldn't get linked up by me. It was made by a brother with a shore Johnny of whom he of Bella's mother who went into might not be able to approve; for, the ham trade."

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"There's still a week, sir," I said, "and a lot can happen in a week. I'm not afraid of what her choice will be."

"The First said as much, too," he answered, "and I dare say the Third thinks the same way. Well, I'll put it to her straight when she returns to-night. You needn't worry about that boob, Rawley, for I've told her all about his soft points before now. If there's any trouble with him, I'll invite him aboard, and you can chuck him over the rail. That will let Bella see what he is."

"I'll remember that, sir," I answered grimly; and he walked off to mix a cocktail for each of us.

I told the First mate the story during the evening watch, and he told the Third; and the Third told the bo'sun. I had meant to keep the bo'sun out of it, but the Third was young, as I've explained, and he was as sure of himself as I was of myself, and as the First was of himself. We all hung round the deck until it was dark, waiting for the motor-boat to come back.

We wanted to get a squint at this big, soft boob, Rawley, and I had a plan made up to get him aboard and then pick a quarrel with him and heave him back into his boat as a lesson.

But he didn't come with the motor-boat that brought Bella prize egg.

There was nobody in her but the girl and two boatmen, who treated her as if she was a queen. They came sliding alongside under the

lantern I had rigged up above the ladder and handed her off quite gracefully—then went away before we could ask them where Rawley was hiding.

Bella tripped up the steps and took the salute from the four of us who awaited her.

The skipper must have been watching out for the boat, for he came on deck as Bella reached the gunwale.

"My!" she cried, with a laugh, "this is a welcome home! I was hoping to get back unnoticed, and here you all are; and dad, too! Oh, I've had a lovely time! I've seen the big caisson. It is all ready to come out on the barge. Dad, I've brought a letter for you from Mr. Rawley, senior. He says the caisson will be coming off to-morrow."

"All right," replied the skipper. "The sooner the better. Come down to the cabin and tell me all about it."

"Sure," she laughed, "I'm glad to get back, all the same, among the boys. But, dad, you must give the Second a shake-up. He didn't get one for sighting the power-boat that came for me, and I promised him one when I got back."

You ought to have seen the eyes of the First and the Third! Even the bo'sun, standing back in the shadow, gritted his teeth. As for when we are together? You've

Her cheeks went crimson, and for a minute her eyes sparkled with a flash of resentment; but she put her arm round him and drew his head down to hers.

"Dad," she said, "don't you think we can talk about that better when we are together? You've

Part Two of Bella's Choice

had a hard time making me the kind of girl you want me to be, and I promise you I'll make my choice before I'm twenty-four. It won't be a soft, bread-and-milk husband that will attract me, you may be sure. You've got a daughter that won't let you down, dad."

I tell you I felt quite bucked when I heard her say that, and the skipper coughed hard and blew his nose.

"I rely on you to get the decks ready for the concrete spray, Second," he said quickly. "I knew Bella would be all right."

I came on deck with a jump, and started right then and there to get the decks in order. The first and third mates had gone to their bunks, feeling, I supposed, sick at the preference that had been given me. I hustled the bo'sun for all he was worth, and routed the crew out to turn to.

By daybreak we had the tug to rights, and were waiting for the job to begin. The first barge came out soon

after breakfast. Bella was on the poop beside her father, and we were all at our posts, crew and officers alike, when the fleet started out to the buoy where the caisson was to be tipped.

Time was too precious just then for any one to talk to Bella, for the moment had come for the gamble to be made against the wind and waves.

The caisson, over forty feet square, was brought out on a barge. It was a huge structure, a bottomless box of timber, and on the top of the timber was bolted an immense cylinder of cast-iron plates. The plan was to tip over the whole weight into the sea at the wooden edge goes down first—that is the cutting edge—and the iron cylinder's weight strikes it deep into the seabed.

But to make it sure the concrete is sprayed. This added weight makes the pile a firm foundation for the upper stores, which are added later.

On the top of the iron cylinder are several funnels fitted with airlocks, and one with a ladder. Down the ladder go the water-rats.

(Continued on Page 3)

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(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Robert Burns, Robert Browning, Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Bridges, Robert Burton.

Answers to Quiz in No. 763

1. What is the highest railway line in the world, and about what is its altitude?
2. About what is the highest jump recorded in athletic sports?
3. What is the cost of a gun licence?
4. How many legs has an ant?
5. What company serves as the King's Body Guard in Scotland?
1. Fades Viaduct, France, 434 feet.
2. 4 minutes 6 seconds.
3. £2.
4. A terminus is an end; a termitary is a nest of termites ("white ants").
5. Woolworth skyscraper, New York, because of its triangular shape.
6. Charles Darwin was a scientist; others not.

Modern Babels

IF and when India becomes a self-governing nation, one of its great difficulties will be to decide which is the "national" language in which the affairs of government shall be carried on.

The 400,000,000 odd millions of India speak at least 225 distinct languages, of which some have different dialects.

These languages can be grouped in eight great families, of which the Hindu is the most widely spoken, but all in this group are estimated to be used by less than 100,000,000 people.

The language largely used when Indians speak to each other is Hindustani, which is the chief language in the Hindu group.

Bengali is spoken by about 60 million and is India's second language.

The group of languages spoken in Bihar comes third, used by perhaps 30 millions. An increasing number of Indians use English, which serves as an "esperanto" amongst the educated.

The problems of language are not so great as they would be, of course, if the majority of the inhabitants of India could read and write.

The number of countries in the world which use more than one language is surprisingly large. It is said that there are still people in Britain who cannot speak English—Welsh and Gaelic are their languages.

In the last century two other languages were spoken—Manx and Cornish. Manx is dying rapidly, and Cornish is no longer a native tongue, although it has been "revived" by antiquarians.

Eire has two languages. Erse is the official language and strenuous efforts are made to encourage it, but English is widely spoken and does not seem to be losing its grip.

One of the difficulties in popularising a language like Erse which became "fixed" a long time ago, is its lack of vocabulary, but there is no doubt it has beauties of its own.

In the Empire there are two Dominions which are bi-lingual. More people in South Africa speak Afrikaans in their homes than speak English. The percentages at the last census were 56 per cent. Afrikaans and 39 per cent. English.

The other 5 per cent. are largely German-speaking people in former German colonies, where about 15 per cent. speak German. Children at school learn both languages, both of which are "official."

Stamps are printed alternatively in English and Afrikaans, and generally a balance is held between the two languages.

About one quarter of the population speak only English or only Afrikaans. The majority are bi-lingual.

J.M.M.

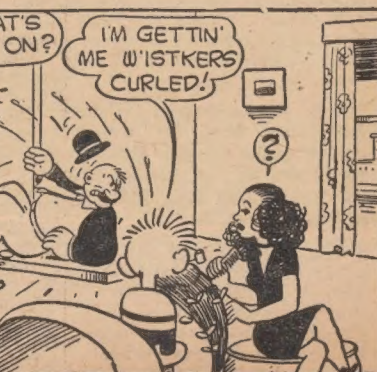
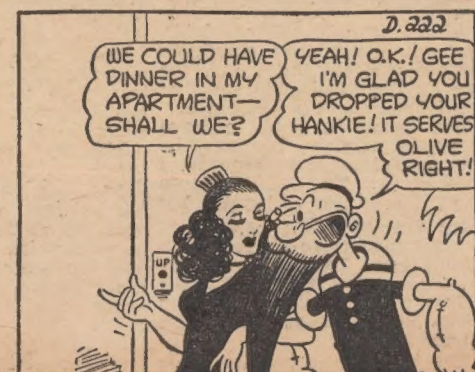
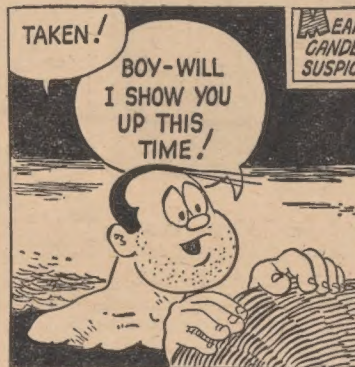
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 702

1. Behead a very small portion and get a contest.
2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: Wiyourighttheetrimampease?
3. What two kinds of building can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Margaret ate a bunch of — while Bill smoked a —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 701

1. B-OIL.
2. Will you switch the wireless on now?
3. ANT, FLY.
4. Freight, fighter.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Bella's Choice

(Continued from Page 2)

to work in compressed air while they dig the bed for the caisson to sink lower until it has reached the solid rock.

I tell you it is a time of strain and work from the word "go" until the last water-rat is back up the shaft and safe on board the tugs again.

By that time the waves have been conquered, and another light-house planted.

It was a bit rough outside the bay, and as we came near to the reef I saw several of the tugs close in to form a semi-circle and head off the breaking waters.

We had charge of the caisson, and as we got to our station a small boat came off from one of the shore tugs and pulled towards us. A little man in a grey suit climbed aboard, came aft to the skipper.

"I'm Rawley, Captain Turner," he said, extending his hand quite

friendly. "I came aboard to wish you luck. What do you think about the chances?"

The skipper's eyes were roving about the waters, and then up to the skies.

"There'll be wind," he said shortly, "and a big sea later. We'd better get the thing done at once."

He turned to the first mate and me and gave his orders quickly. We sent up the signals, and the tugs closed in.

Our ropes and chains were ready, and the cranes raised the big caisson from the barge with many creaks and groans.

It was some weight to heave, but we got it over, right on the spot where the buoys were marking the place. The big thing went over with a plunge, and a wave came washing back that made the

"Vulcan Two" nearly stand on her head, extending his hand quite

Up came the other tugs, and our hoses were out at once spraying the liquid concrete on the top of the cylinders before you could wink.

It was heavy stuff, that concrete, but we needed all the weight, for the sea had risen, and was swinging the big caisson wildly on the surface. She went down at last, and the real work started.

Steam winches clanked, derricks whirled and roared, and voices from every tug and barge roared out orders to the gangs of men waiting the word.

From our tug there rose a stream of brown dust. From another an open chute poured a cataract of gravel and rock.

From a third came a volume of sea water. We were spraying the concrete, and the sea water was mixing with it as we sprayed and hardening it before our eyes.

The rock and gravel were being thrown down into the sandy bottom to steady the massive caisson

Tommy Farr, Boxer

(Continued from Page 1)

For almost a full minute he battered his man from pillar to post, and so great was the attack that when he steadied himself and sent in a walloper flush into Loughran's face there was no reply, no punch in return, no counter stroke.

When the final gong went at the end of the tenth round the referee walked right over to Farr and raised his hand.

There was a storm of shouting from the audience, some for the decision, some against. Joe Smith, Loughran's manager, made a pro-

and prevent her overturning. If she tipped over, the whole job would have been thrown away, and Rawley would have lost more money than you could dream

(To be continued.)

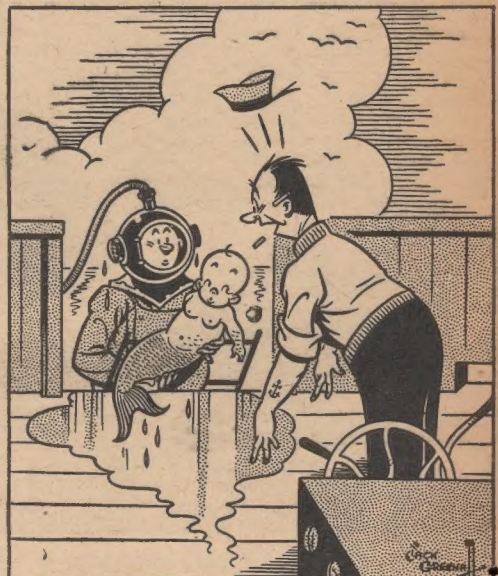
test, and wanted to see the referee's scorecard, but he was told that in Britain the referee's decision was final. Some of the old hands who saw the fight thought that the American had won, some believed that the referee was correct in his decision.

But even if the battle had continued for another few rounds it would have gone, almost certainly, in favour decisively of the younger man.

And what did Tommy Farr say of this match that placed him higher than even some of his friends had expected in the ring cavalcade?

"I promised myself," he said, "that if I won I'd have a holiday at Monte Carlo; but first of all I am taking a trip with my brother and sister to my home in Tonypandy. I want to give them a better chance in life than I had."

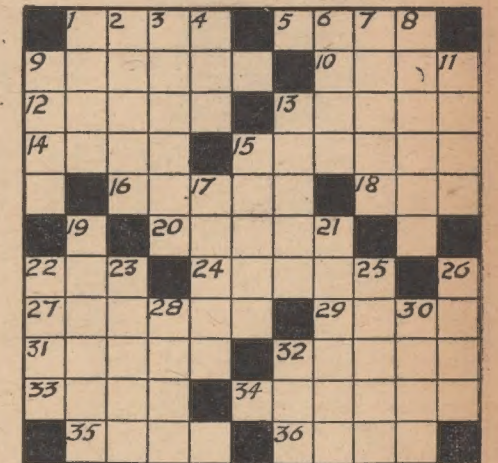
Not for himself alone was he fighting. (Next article in No. 767.)



LIKE A DOPE I PROMISED TO HOLD HIM FOR TEN MINUTES, BUT 'IS MOTHER DIDN'T COME BACK'—

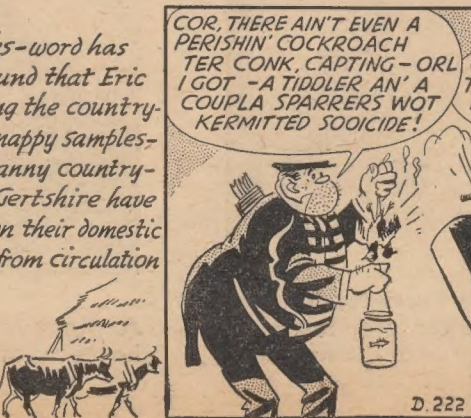
CROSS-WORD CORNER

SPOT IMPISH
COWES CAMEO
ALIGHT SPAR
PEN ORATE N
E GATED DRY
GO M FOLIO
R VISOR MEW
ALE WINCE I
CORRAL ONCE
ENVOY TOTAL
SEED CANARD



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Tub. 5 Money-
9 Green. 10 Wagon. 12 Positive pole.
13 Wisdom. 14 Tear. 15 Indian.
16 Brilliance. 18 Nevertheless.
20 Dodge. 22 Fish. 24 Old doctor.
27 Lion. 29 Loyal. 31 Scottish Firth.
32 Scope. 33 Dry measure. 34 United.
35 Diffuse. 36 Nail.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Ulna. 2 In com.
pany. 3 Walk as child. 4 Colour.
6 Pitcher. 7 Too tall. 8 Seaman.
9 Cavil. 11 Dextrous. 13 Kid skin.
15 Liquid food. 17 Assuage. 19 Boats.
21 Rich cake. 22 Moist. 23 Tree.
25 Dye. 26 Ran away. 28 Construct.
30 Old. 32 Plunder.



Good Morning



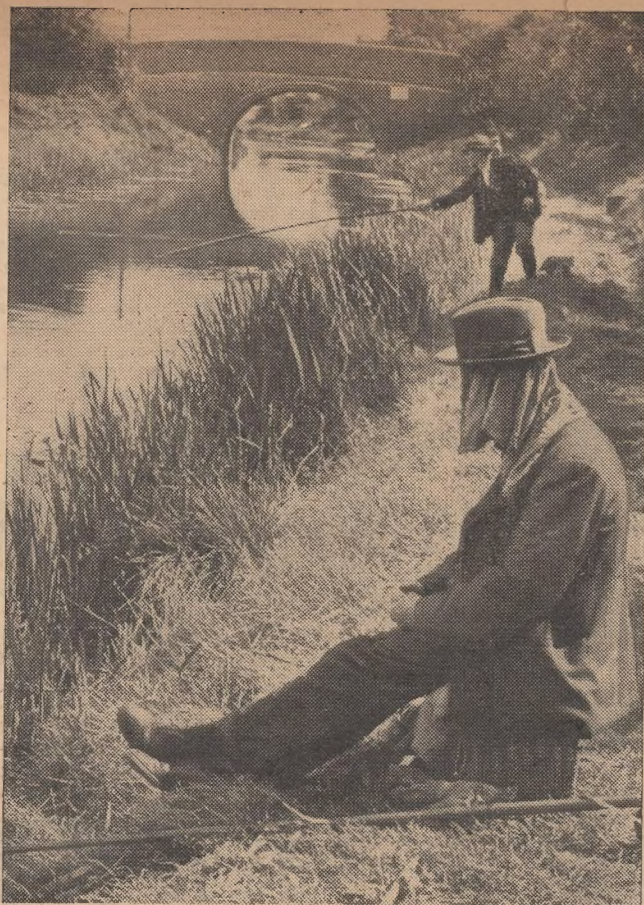
THE KING AND HIS PEOPLE.

With the ancient pile of Windsor Castle rising from the trees on the opposite bank of the Thames, two of the King's loyal subjects take an "easy" on the grassy bank. We expect he feels as happy as a King—and she as fortunate as a Queen.



WOODEN WACKY.

That's the name the American inventor has invented for his all-wooden bicycle. Idea was to save rubber and metal—or something. We wonder what the fair rider calls the machine—after fifty miles on it. Wack-o!



THE RIGHT ANGLE ON ANGLING.

This competitor in Marlborough Fishing Club's competition believes in fishing on the easy plan. His face completely netted to disappoint the gnats and flies, his rod propped on the bank beside him, he sits in the sun and thinks. Or just sits in the sun and sits.



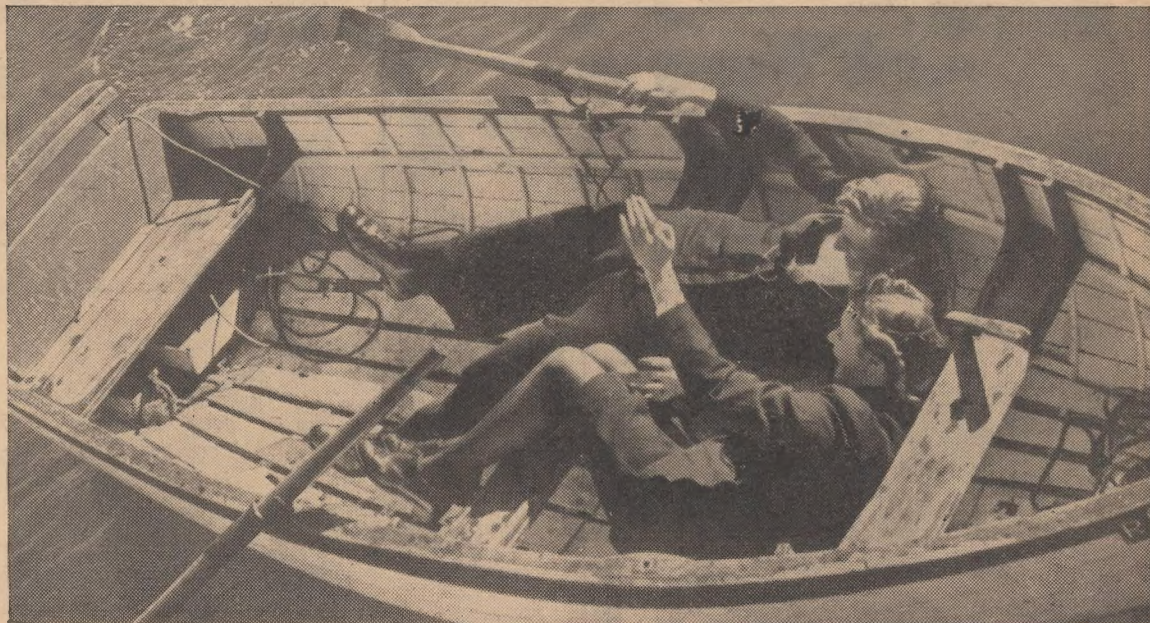
BLITZ BABY.

Born while his mother lay on the floor of their Anderson shelter during a night of heavy raiding, this bonny baby boy has shown no signs of nerves at all. Has already won a Baby Show. Nothing wrong there, as you can see.



LIONS WAITING FOR DANIEL TO SHOW UP.

This impressive picture of a pride of lions was taken at a Continental zoo. Idea is to reproduce the lions' natural surroundings. It all looks a darned sight too natural for us.



NAVY CATCHES A CRAB.

A slight nautical mishap. O/S. Philip Barrett and WRNS Beryl Hallam sprawl in the bottom of the boat. It's a good idea sometimes—but this occasion was a trifle unexpected.